NEW YORK JOURNAL
AND ADVERTISER.
W. R. HEARST.

102 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JUNE 8, 1897.

THE WEATHER.—Official forecasts for to-day indicate light showers.

TRUST AGAINST TRUST.

If the Sugar Trust and the Standard Oil Trust really have locked horns over the sugar schedule of the Tariff bill, there is some chance that honest men may come by a small part of their own. According to the Evening Post, whose right to speak for the trusts is unimpeachable, the threat of Austria and Germany to retaliate for our proposed sugar duties by shutting out American petroleum "has greatly alarmed powerful interests engaged in the production and transportation of oil, and they mean to defeat the sugar schedule." "As they carry on their work in secret," adds the Post, "it is impossible to say whether there is any schedule to which they would agree; but their influence at Washington is so powerful that it is already predicted that no sugar schedule will be agreed on till the last moment, when there will be no time for debating it."

Concurrently with this delicate reference to the work of Mr. Rockefeller and the other "powerful interests engaged in the production and transportation of oil" comes the news that a caucus of Republican Senators is to be held this morning to consider the sugar question, and that the Aldrich schedule will probably be materially modified. It is thought that a compromise may be agreed upon, by which the ad valorem rates conceded to the Sugar Trust by the Senate Finance Committee may be eliminated and the plunder allotted to the trust in the way of differentials may be limited to 3-16 of a cent instead of the 4-16 granted by Aldrich and the 2-16 proposed by Dingley. No doubt this compromise will also include a provision designed to head off European retaliation, in the interest of Standard Oil.

In this tariff matter the interests of the Standard Oil Trust have coincided in at least two respects with those of the people. Standard Oil, like the public, was hit by the proposed abolition of the drawback on exported tin plates, and it was also threatened by the European reprisals invited by the discriminating duties desired by the Sugar Trust for the purpose of keeping out European refined sugar. In both of these points, also, its interests have been identical with those of the Beef Trust. These combinations are able to do work in Congress that the people could not do.

It was once proposed by an ingenious Californian thinker, now a resident of New York, that the public should counteract the corrupting influence of corporations and trusts by appointing an Official Briber, whose duty it should be to buy sufficient votes in legislative bodies to protect the general interests. With the resources of a State or of the nation behind him, it was argued that this functionary would be able to outbid the corporate lobbyists, and so purify the fountains of legislation. In the absence of such an advanced development of our rising civilization we may congratulate ourselves when the public finds an opportunity to take shelter behind a trust that happens to be going its way.

THE SALVATION ARMY CASE.

This is the day on which Commander Booth-Tucker, of the Salvation Army, convicted of keeping and maintaining "a certain common, ill-governed, disorderly house, the same being a place of public resort," is to be sentenced to the penalty deemed appropriate for his crime. The particular offence that caused the Commander's prosecution was an "All Night in Prayer," with which he was welcomed back from a Western tour. The exercises lasted until 4:30 in the morning, and as Salvationists do not make a specialty of restraining their emotions, the proceedings were undoubtedly audible to the neighbors.

Cool reflection can hardly fail to lead to the conclusion that on this occasion religious enthusiasm was carried too far. The all-night meeting was said to have been held largely for the benefit of working people who could not afford to lose a day from their occupations. According to the official Salvation account of the proceedings, "at 4:30 o'clock the Commander, with watch in hand, dismissed the meeting in time for the working men and women who were in attendance to return to their home, change their apparel, if necessary, eat breakfast and wend their way to their places of daily toil, to arrive at the same by 7 o'clock."

Working men and women who pursue their "daily toil" for two days without any interval of sleep between are abusing their constitutions, and a religious organization that prides itself upon looking after the bodily as well as the spiritual welfare of its flock ought not to lead them into such excesses. The neighbors have rights, too, and people who regard the night as the time for praise should not forget that other people regard it as the time for sleep.

But when all these things have been taken into consideration the fact remains that the offence of Commander Booth-Tucker was a trivial one, committed from a noble motive, and that while so many really criminal transgressions are going unpunished it would be an outrageous injustice to subject his indiscretion to a severe penalty. The indictment on a charge of keeping a "common, ill-governed, disorderly house" and "place of public resort," with the plain implication that the meeting was an immoral gathering, was a grotesque perversion of the truth, made all the more glaring by the fact that the news of the conviction under it was published on the same day with the announcement that District-Attorney Olcott had decided not to prosecute the participants in the Seeley dinner. A fine of about one dollar, with a suggestion that future meetings should be kept within a little narrower limits of time and enthusiasm, would seem to meet all the requirements of the situation.

THE PASSING OF SCHLATTER.

Schlatter, the Divine Healer, is dead. His skeleton, with the Bible, his only aid in producing the miracles that thousands of people in the West are willing to swear to, was found in the mountains of Northern Mexico. His death was undoubtedly due to starvation. When the queer, earnest shoemaker with the Christlike face passed out of the ken of man, he had announced his purpose of fasting forty days in the wilderness in emulation of his Master.

It is easy to say that Schlatter was a lunatic who should have been confined to prevent his self murder. His ways were not the ways of other men. He did not want money, and though museums yawned for him and people who had dreamed themselves well under his healing touch offered him large sums, the shoemaker took nothing. Perhaps that is additional evidence of his insanity.

It is impossible to understand here in matter-of-fact brick-and-mortar New York the sensation produced by this man in the West. There have been faith healers time out of mind, but almost invariably in modern days they have turned their miracles to their own interest. Only this wandering, meanly dressed foreigner, begging his bread from town to town, stands out. There is no question that he believed in himself, and what he did was most remarkable.

We are nearing the twentieth century, and we know, or think we know, that Schlatter's art was at best a mind cure. There is nothing new in that, but there are several thousand American citizens, probably almost as advanced as ourselves, to whom this answer to the suggested question would seem as absurd as the miracle idea seems to us.

Schlatter lived too late. Not so many centuries ago one such as he would have started a crusade or convulsed the world with a religious revival, and if after performing his marvels he had gone into the wilderness and died there, a cathedral might have been built above his bones to puzzle a scoffing posterity.

Schlatter fulfilled all the conditions of the hermits of the Middle Ages. His code was the code of the priesthood, though he had no order. He lived up to the vows of poverty, humility and celibacy like the sternest old recluse that ever fled from the world's temptations and died at last a martyr to the faith that was in him.

A fraud? Undoubtedly, though he was chief among his dupes. An impostor? Of course, though he was most imposed upon. But he meant no profanation and did no harm. He was honest and unselfish, and thought he was helping his fellows, and honesty, unselfishness and altruism are not common enough to be laughed at. Schlatter ought to have a monument and be remembered—instead of which the telegraph brings the news that a dime museum manager is planning to get his bones for his show.

THE M'KINLEY GOOD TIMES.

The heart-rending descriptions of "McKinley prosperity" sent by Journal correspondents from Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Indiana and New Jersey are distasteful to some of our war tariff contemporaries. One of them daringly remarks:

Sensible people will not credit the exaggerated accounts of popular distress in industrial centres printed under flaring headlines by sensational Democratic newspapers. There is no such prevalent misery and idleness as these sheets picture. Multitudes are not starving nor mortgages being foreclosed by wholesale. The savings banks accounts of the people have not been depleted. There are more spindles turning and more men at work to-day than there were one year ago. It is true that the nation is not normally prosperous, but this does not by any means imply that the people are going about hungry or insufficiently clad.

Well, Mr. Wanamaker, late of the Harrison Cabinet, is not a Bryanite, and the Herald is not a "sensational Democratic newspaper." Mr. Wanamaker complained through the Herald yesterday of the "creeping paralysis and bitter want of the community." And then he said:

To keep work for the six thousand and more persons in my employ and turn away from the several hundred who apply daily and beg for the privilege of labor to keep the wolf from the door, drives me into a fever and I must speak out. Any citizen has that right.

I cannot sit on a fence with a stiff wind blowing and whistle for prosperity, the vanished bird of beautiful plumage, to come back.

She has been gone for five long years. How any can live on forever in a thunder storm I don't know.

Mr. Wanamaker spoke contemptuously of campaign speeches, concerning which he observed: "The public heart cannot be fired by eloquence in this way now, for the powder of patriotism is wet with the tears of suffering."

The Herald publishes other items that bear out the Journal's information. For instance, it has this story to tell of the economies introduced by the Pennsylvania Railroad, always one of the most solidly prosperous of American corporations:

Although when he returned from an inspection of all the lines, President Thomson, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, said that he looked for a return of good times soon, the fact that word was received at the company's repai shops in Lambertville, N. J., Saturday, that until further notice the shops would only be run five days, of nine hours, each week does not seem to bear out his prediction. * * *

Samuel Curry, a carpenter and a Republican, when informed of the cut in time, snatched his McKinley button from his coat, where he had worn it since election, threw it on the floor and stamped on it.

Nothing would please the Journal better than an opportunity to chronicle the arrival of an industrial boom. It would like to tell of happy, smiling workmen, drawing their dividends on their shares of McKinley prosperity in the shape of full hours and increased wages. There is only one thing that keeps it from filling its columns with such stories: It feels under obligations to tell the truth.

CONSTABULARY HOSPITALITY IN JERSEY.

If Charles Hoffman, when he gets out of jail in New Jersey, where he is accused of theft, should take it into his head to subject himself to the further charge of battery—the objective person being Constable Bishop, who arrested him—he would have plenty of sympathy, and if he should be discreet enough to do it outside of New Jersey, he would not be likely to suffer a very heavy penalty.

Hoffman was accused of stealing a farmer's trousers and his watch. He was arrested at Delran by Constable Bishop, and there being no jail at Delran this bright officer put a log chain on his captive's leg and chained him to a wagon in an open shed. There the prisoner remained all night, and a particularly cold night at that. The constable, sure of the strength of his log chain, slept comfortably the night through, and after breakfast unchained his prisoner and took him to Burlington. Hoffman denies having stolen anything, and is likely to be acquitted.

There is one thing sure. However grave a crime theft is, it is a virtue beside such cruelty as that of which this officer was guilty, and while there is a question whether Hoffman should go to jail, there is none that Constable Aaron N. Bishop should.

The Commercial Advertiser, with a lack of humanity of which we should never have suspected it, expresses the shocking wish that the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art would allow the Bacchante to be put out of doors. It thinks that the statue is "decidedly an open air figure," and would look well on the Mall. No doubt the Bacchante is an open air figure, but, we beg our unfeeling contemporary to observe, an open air figure adapted solely to a mild climate. It would be cruel enough to expose her to the inclemency of the weather in New York, even in Winter, but think of the inhumanity of turning her out of doors in such a Summer as this.

The graduating class of the Yale Law School, having polled its members on various political questions, is said to have "voted unanimously in favor of President Cleveland's Cuban policy." That is encouraging. We seem at last to be on the trail of somebody who can tell us what Mr. Cleveland's Cuban policy was.

The manufacturers of man-killing building supplies find the work of fixing public officials much more agreeable than that of fixing responsibility.

The grade crossing degree of murder appears to be tolerated like all other evils which operate on a wholesale plan.

There is somewhat of a lesson in the fact that all of Illinois' boodling legislators were elected on national issues.

It is now suspected that the Illinois Legislature is nothing more or less than a Chicago Board of Aldermen in disguise.

Creighton Webb, the Irrepressible.

CREIGHTON WEBB is simply irrepressible. After all the rows that he had a hand in at the coronation of the Czar of Russia—rows that won him the fine scorn of Mrs. John A. Logan and the undying hatred of Willie Stokes—he bobs up serenely as an "additional secretary" of the Special Embassy to represent the United States at Queen Victoria's jubilee ceremonies.

This means that Creighton Webb will be teaching the Whitelaw Reids and the Ogden Millses how to do the diplomatic act, and if he makes as sorry a mess of it as he did at St. Petersburg there'll be the very devil to pay.

The outlook for harmony among our representatives at the Queen's Jubilee was none too bright, anyway. Now that Creighton Webb has been added to the number it is positively forbidding.

Erskine Hewitt has also been appointed "additional secretary" to the Reid-Mills London outfit, but that really amounts to nothing more than an opportunity for the grandson of Peter Cooper to see the jubilee show under extremely advantageous conditions.

It is a political oddity, by the way, that the son of so conspicuous a Democrat as Abram S. Hewitt should have got an appointment from a Republican Administration when scores of young Republican dudes were simply dying for the place.

From all of which it would appear that society cuts much more ice in this special embassy business than politics.

And just here it occurs to me that President McKinley may have to make more appointments in this connection.

I presume that the little work necessary to the secretaryship of the special embassy will have to be done by somebody.

Ogden Mills won't do it, of course. As private secretary to Special Ambassador Reid, to say nothing of his being brother-in-law also, to do anything but talk with the English nobility would be infra dig.

Creighton Webb is too much of a diplomat to attend to anything but diplomacy—or, as Mrs. John A. Logan put it, to everybody's business but his own—and Erskine Hewitt, having the same rank as Creighton, can't afford to do any more work than his associate.

Thus it becomes clear that President McKinley should appoint four assistant secretaries to the two additional secretaries of the one private secretary of the Special Ambassador to the Queen's Jubilee.

This would afford the Administration an opportunity to recognize the hitherto unnoticed claims of "Lissie" Stewart and would furnish three other lights of dudedom a chance to see the Queen's Jubilee at Uncle Sam's expense.

And just for the harmony of the thing why not make these other three John J. McCook, John A. Logan and William E. D. Stokes?

When the Marquis de Croisic was compelled by a force of circumstances that were quite beyond his control to abandon the luxuries of gastronomy for the necessities of a Newport newsdealer, the Rhode Island News Company, with which he was doing business, sought to help him out by sending him an automatic newsboy that was as black as ink.

It was a clever invention, and the noble Marquis was pleased with it. He admired its construction and regarded its novelty as a means of advertising.

As he was a Frenchman and without prejudice of color, the fact that the figure was black made no impression on his mind whatever.

After one day's exhibition of the automaton, however, the Marquis awoke to an emphatic realization that there was a distinct color line in Newport with which it was dangerous to tamper.

How he came to this conclusion and what he did after he reached it cannot be told better than by the Marquis himself in the following letter:

The Cosmopolitan Library,
123 Bellevue avenue,
Newport, R. I., May 31, 1897.

The Rhode Island News Co.

Gentlemen,

By express we return to you to-day the black automatic figure that we received from you the night before last. Will you please send us in exchange a white one? The reason that we can not keep the black one is that our neighborhood is crowded of colored people who suppose that we will offend them with this show. They come last night in front of our store making protestations and willing to break the glass of our windows if we do not take it off. As we prefer peace to troubles we will put the white in exchange of the black hoping that our white neighborhood will be not so silly than the colored. Yours truly,

THE COSMOPOLITAN LIBRARY,
per R. de Logerot, Agent.

The Marquis got the exchange he sought, and thus far his "white neighborhood" has not threatened to break his windows on that account. It is clearly apparent, however, that the color line does exist at Newport and that the local tradesman, even though he be a French nobleman, can not afford to take any liberties with the prejudices of the colored plutocrats of the City-by-the-Sea.

A contemporary refers to Andrew D. White as "Yale's greatest living graduate."

Has fatality fallen full upon the Hon. Timothy Lester Woodruff or Dr. Chauncey Mitchell Depew?

If a man's greatness were measured by the friends he has, "Bob" Dunlap, the president of the Metropolitan Opera Company, would be the biggest man in Gotham.

As it is, he is no small potatoes in a community where nearly every other chap you meet thinks himself some pumpkins.

Mr. Dunlap will sail to-morrow for Europe with his wife and daughter. The latter will remain abroad and study music. She has an uncommonly good voice and has been encouraged by no less an authority than Jean de Reszke to cultivate it.

The entire Phoenix Club will be at the pier to bid "Bob" Dunlap bon voyage.

Baltimore dudedom is vastly interested in the attitude of New York toward the Tobacco Trust.

It doesn't care so much about the Tobacco Trust, but it is right fond of "Billy" Marburg, who is one of the tobacco magnates, and therefore a defendant in the suit pending against the Trust.

Marburg spends his money like a prince when he takes the notion, and that is always attractive to chappledom. But he has other qualities that have endeared him to the clubmen of Baltimore.

Like most of the Tobacco Trust members, he doesn't attach any too much importance to literature and the fine arts, but he is generally accredited with being a "good fellow," and that goes for more in Baltimore than it does in New York.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

Pinero's Latest: "The Princess and the Butterfly."

By Alan Dale.

London, May 30.—There is a sub-title to the new Pinero play at the St. James Theatre, "The Princess and the Butterfly." This second name is "The Fantastics." It is a woful misnomer. It should be "The Idiotics," and then the public might possibly be induced to view Pinero as a humorist. As it is, goodness only knows at what he is posing. If it were not for a sprinkling of bright, cynical dialogue, in a perfect avalanche of pessimistic talk, I could have ascribed "The Princess and the Butterfly" to the invalided mind of a Bloomingdale inmate. Positively I have never seen anything like it. Nordau wrote a masterpiece in "Spiritisme" compared with what Pinero has done in this "original comedy" in five acts, if you please. Such a play only goes to show how a little success can turn the head of the least vain, and how the tireless struggle for novelty can make a fool of the most wary.

All the characters in "The Princess and the Butterfly" are what Nordau would call degenerates (although I am getting a trifle weary of the term). They are "high society," of course, and exceedingly titled, among them being the Princess, a brace of "ladies," a baronet, a count, and other lesser lights. Pinero, in spite of his vagaries, cannot forget that in London Sarah Jane and Susan Ann must be gratified, and these ladies demand titles on the London stage.

For two long and weary acts you get nothing but twaddle-talk on the subject of middle-age. The Princess Pannonia, lovely and fascinating, is forty, and in the first act seven ladies sit about the stage like negress-minstrelesses and discuss the sad subject of physical decay. We are told that Paris is the middle-aged woman's paradise; that no woman has more than twenty years of splendor and triumph; that an appetite for dinner in other people's houses is the first unerring symptom of middle age; and that nobody really ought to submit to the approach of years. Middle age should be fought, and not admitted. And so on, ad nauseam.

Then you are introduced to the hero, Sir George Lamorant, another middle-aged person, and the butterfly in the case. At a "function" you see him with half a dozen young men, who appear on the stage with boxes of toys, and play with them, in order to keep up the illusion of youth. There are monkeys on sticks, mechanical dogs, jack-in-the-boxes, and all the rest of it. These half-dozen dolts talk a good deal of insufferable nonsense, and never appear again. Perhaps Pinero adopted this silly notion from a little book I read on board ship, called "The Folly of Eustace." Perhaps it was original. The playwright is welcome to such originality.

At the end of the second act you wonder what on earth this "comedy" is going to be. Honor bright, I hadn't a simple notion what the story was. Nothing but a collection of lunatics, all discussing "society" cynicisms, had been seen up till 10 o'clock. Anything more flagrantly stupid, non-human and labored I could never have imagined.

The "plot," such as it is, dawns later. The butterfly, aged forty-nine, proposes to the Princess, aged forty, in a matter of fact way. Shall they marry for the sake of convenience? She asks for a month in which to think it over. In the meantime a callow boy of twenty-something has fallen suicidally in love with her, and she has "done the maternal" and sent him about his business. But after the butterfly's proposal she suggests to Edward Oriel that they frivol for a month. And then occurs a naughty little episode that is screamingly funny, because it is dished up in ostentatious decency for the British public. It is Parisianism with trousers on. "Come and see my little nest upstairs," cries this forty-year-older, "and I will sing to you. And you shall stay to breakfast, if you will."

Oh, shocking, shocking! Shades of "Mrs. Tanqueray!" Souvenirs of "Mrs. Ebbsmith!"

The play proceeds with new incidents dragged in every moment. The butterfly fights a duel, apropos of nothing whatsoever. He falls violently in love with Fay Zuliani, a dreadful creature, who has posed as his niece for three acts. The Princess, who has been placidly living with Edward Oriel for the prescribed month, declares that she will marry the butterfly, but at the end of the play she comes on, with all her hair hanging down her back, releases the old Lothario and leaves him to marry Fay, while she presumably goes to the altar with the callow boy.

I have not done the plot justice. Nobody could. It is awe-inspiringly absurd. It is extravagance gone raving mad. There is not a man or woman in the "Princess and the Butterfly" with one honest feeling, one humane emotion. It is all arduously exotic, witheringly "feverish" and distressingly unintelligible to the sane mind. "The Fantastics!" forsooth! Pinero was fantastic in genuine degree when he gave us "The Amazons." But from "The Amazons" to "The Princess and the Butterfly"—what a degringolade!

Of course, the play is sumptuously staged. If the dresses could be sent to New York, minus the piece itself, they would make a hit. Julia Neilson, whom you saw at the Knickerbocker, is the Princess. She is a wilful imitation of Ellen Terry, but in spite of that fact she does well. If there had been no Ellen Terry Miss Neilson would to-day be famous. But imitators are generally punished, as they deserve to be. There is a good deal of justice in this world. George Alexander, as "the butterfly," is excellent, in his quiet, refined and unassuming way.

The part of the callow boy is assigned to H. B. Irving, son of Sir Henry. Sonny Irving is a joke. He practises the weird, staccato utterances of popper with dismal effect. You found yourself wondering how the Princess Pannonia could possibly have endured him, even for a month. How you would enjoy young Irving! He is really the most amusing thing I have seen in London so far. Miss Fay Davis, the American girl of whom they are all so fond over here, did not impress me. She has the part of Zuliani. We could send over half a dozen cleverer young women. Miss Davis, however, has "established" herself without our permission. Miss Julie Opp is another American. As she has a sort of "My Lord, the carriage waits" part, I will not say much about her.

Rose Leclercq, a delightfully clever exponent of "dowager" roles, is very well suited in "The Princess and the Butterfly," in which there are twenty-nine speaking parts. If this play is a sample of century-end dramatic literature, the sooner we enter upon the nineteen hundreds the better for the race. Even the matinee girl would rebel at such insensate rubbish!

Kara and Some Other Novelties.

Kara has a blase air and the most nonchalant way of being quicker than lightning that ever distinguished a juggler.

Kara is superior to the nice little tricks of ordinary jugglers. He scorns highly polished and complicated apparatus. Any old thing will do for Kara to juggle with. An open umbrella, his silk hat and a cigar, with a table cover and a napkin or two, satisfies all his requirements, though two or three chairs, half a dozen pool balls and a miscellaneous assortment of crockery are not beneath his notice.

Probably there were 1,500 people in Hammerstein's hermetically sealed and steam heated roof garden last night when Kara obliged. They cheered him, and to-day the majority of them will tell marvellous tales of Kara's doings—which nobody will believe that hasn't seen 'em.

The star feature of this programme was Isham's octoroons, who gave an entertainment entitled, "Thirty Minutes Around the Operas." This is a descriptive and a truth-telling title, and the entertainment deserves an extended mention, which it will probably get.

Over on the roof of the Casino there was no auxiliary roof to keep out the brisk breeze, and no steam heat to warm the marrow of its patrons. But the Casino roof garden had advertised to open, and open it did.

The programme was very vaudeville—perhaps too much so. The comfort of the lady performers was cruelly disregarded. Not one of them was provided with a chest protector, and as for their lower members, it was lucky that there was dancing for them to do. What else these ladies and several male accomplices did took up two pages of the programme. The five Barrison sisters (in large type) were imitated by five young women whose names were given in small type. There was a burlesque called "A Night at the Opera," a "mythological divertissement," otherwise named, "The Judgment of Paris," and a dozen "turns" of less pretensions, by Jeannette Dupre, the Monroe Sisters, Dot Davenport, Signor Francioli, the Manhattan Comedy Four, and others. When there is roof garden weather it would not be at all surprising to see the Casino roof garden profit by it.

Isabelle Urquhart has come to town from her sylvan retreat at New Rochelle to beam upon the patrons of Keith's continuous performance. She beamed quite successfully yesterday afternoon and evening, but she failed to remind Mr. Keith's patrons of the Venus of burlesque who once upon a time inspired epidemics of palpitations from the Casino stage. Possibly this was because she had forsaken burlesque for farce, but probably it was because Miss Urquhart is no longer Venus; Juno, or Pomona, or almost any other of the well-fed goddesses is more in her line at present.

The farce in which Miss Urquhart appeared was of the sort which programme writers love to describe as "screaming." It was written for her and is called "In Durance Vile." It is the sort of farce that may always be recognized as from the pen of an actor, because no one else could possibly remember half the witty verbal attacks and retorts that have done duty in farces since the world began, and fit them together properly. These lingual tidbits have been sifted through "In Durance Vile" in a very workmanlike manner, and the audience was becomingly grateful.

Tony Pastor furnishes a programme that tingles along through two and a half hours like a string of sleigh bells. Tony himself sat in a box yesterday afternoon, watch in hand, to see that nothing was allowed to drag uninterestingly the fraction of a minute—and it didn't. That is probably the reason why Mr. Pastor's little theatre is always full of people.

This week Watson and Hutchings, with very Dutch dialects, assisted by Ed Edwards, who is a very unctuous specimen of the genus tramp, do a funny sketch. Hutchings has a bad case of German dialect courtship on, and the tramp's constant interruption of lovemaking, that is difficult enough at the best, is a decidedly humorous combination of ideas for stage purposes.

Dan Collyer and Miss Carrie Collyer appear in a sketch adapted from the melodrama, "Soudan," entitled "The Office Boy and the Soubrette." Maud Nugent with her songs (of which you are never in doubt about the words), is one of the features of an entertaining ollo.

It was plain yesterday that Mr. Pastor's patrons know how to appreciate the artistic value of pantomime. George H. Adams, formerly a circus clown of celebrity, and who has forgotten none of the expressive tricks of his trade, appears with Ernest G. Adams, Tonia Adams and Lilly Adams, in a sketch entitled "A Country Terror." All of the characters are neatly done in the best music hall manner, and George Adams, in particular, makes every movement count on the audience. The pantomime savors of the sawdust ring, but the character being rural and grotesque, it is not misapplied.

Notes of the Theatres.

George Edwardes's London Gaiety Company will begin an extended term at the Knickerbocker Theatre on September 6, arrangements to that end having been made by Al Hayman & Co. This attraction will fill the time that was booked for Francis Wilson in his new opera.

The friends of Business Manager Oppenheimer and Treasurer Appleton, of the Casino, in conjunction with Managers Lederer and McLellan, will tender those employes a testimonial performance on Sunday night, June 13. Arrangements for a bill embracing many distinguished Casino celebrities are in progress.

Last night at the Herald Square Theatre William Blaisdell assumed the part of M. Auguste Pompier in "The Girl from Paris." He gave an excellent performance and was rigorously applauded. Mr. Blaisdell has been engaged for the remainder of the run of the piece in this city and for all of next season, in place of Joseph Herbert, who has gone abroad.

There were three novelties offered in Huber's Fourteenth Street Museum yesterday. In the curio halls five pretty girls appeared in a corn popping contest; in the theatre a kinematographe illustrated the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight, and the Lester Franklyn Comedy Company presented a farce entiled "A Sure Cure for the Blues."

The Vaudeville's New Recruits.

The success which has attended a great many of the legitimate actors of the country who have recently joined the great vaudevilleward movement has unquestionably influenced certain public men to follow their example, and the coming year promises to become a notable one because of the distinguished characters who will be seen in some form of vaudeville.

Mr. Russell Sage, for example, has just made his debut in the role of a cheerful prophet, a fact which is not surprising when we remember that not very long ago he lent his nephew $50. When we heard of this piece of generosity on the old financier's part we were ready for anything by way of a sensation. The nephew, by the way, will soon be seen in a dime museum, where he will pose as one of the veritable curiosities of the age.

In his present role Uncle Russell favors the public with a song and dance called "Better Times Are Coming," and, if we may quote the words of the glib-tongued lecturer who announces him, "he will converse with any lady or gentleman in the audience on any proper subject, and, if I am not mistaken, he has a few securities which he would like to dispose of at a low price."

Next season Mr. Sage will be seen in the apple-eating and cheese-paring contest that takes place in the third act of the new rural melodrama, "The Mortgaged Home."

Magistrate Mott is another new recruit for the variety stage, and may be seen every afternoon and evening in the week in the continuous entertainment in Essex Market Police Court. The Magistrate has long been regarded as an eccentric character artist of the highest rank, and nowhere is his eccentric character seen to better advantage than in his "sidewalk conversations" with the people who are brought before him. It is a fact well known to those who have had practical experience with the variety stage that a funny team contains but one funny man; that is to say, if it has any funny man at all—and one "feeder" whose duty it is to pave the way for the bright repartee of the comedian. The Magistrate is the funny man of the ever-changing team in which he is the permanent member, and has such a high regard for "feeding" ability that any prisoner who shows ability and discretion in the role is sure to find his way to whatever soft corner there may be in the Judge's heart.

Mayor Strong may be seen any afternoon at the City Hall in the principal role of the one-act comedy, "A Cup of Tea." His Honor's impersonation of the cup is considered one of the best things now before the public. When Li Hung Chang was in this country he bestowed upon him the Oolong medal in recognition of the service that he had rendered Chinese commerce by his diligence as a consumer of tea.

The New York Giants, once favorably known as exponents of the national game of baseball, have determined to join the Lilliputian Company, in which their peculiar abilities will be seen to far better advantage than in the ball field.

It is not improbable that Dr. Seth Low, of Columbia College, will be seen in a condensed version of the Corsican Brothers next Fall. Tom Platt will be the other brother.

It is understood that a well-known political theatrical manager is organizing a large variety company to play within the limits of New York State. This company will offer a bill of exceptional strength and varied interest—one that will include song and dance in its various phases, ballad singing by well-trained voices, and monologues and skipping-rope dances by expert artists. The company, which is now in rehearsal, will be known as the Citizens' Union, and there is room in it for a great many performers besides those who have already signed.

The boom on foreign talent continues as strong as ever, and the probabilities are that the vaudeville stage of this country will be enriched before long by the acquisition of a large number of foreign specialists of high degree.

A well-known vaudeville manager cables from Europe that he has engaged the popular performer known as the Crown Prince Constantine, who will be seen in his great sprinting specialty, entitled "Home Again." The Prince will be assisted in his entertainment by an unspeakable Turk, who will take part in every performance. The sprinting will be done on a cinder track laid across the stage, and in accordance with the inexorable rules of Court etiquette, His Highness will at all times take precedence of the Turk.

Mr. Swits Conde will appear in the role of the heavy father in the continuous show entitled "Love's Young Dream." Ensign Stone has been engaged as a non-supporting member of the company, and will be heard in his own song of "Do I Love Her? Knit!"

The Merry Jester.

"See that solid looking citizen over there? You'd never suspect that he was beating his way through the world."

"I should say not!"

"And yet he's a carpet cleaner."—Detroit Tribune.

"Such has been my devotion to the highest ideals of art," exclaimed the counterfeiter, bitterly, "that I haven't made a red cent!"

He made a heliotrope cent, and ultramarine cents; but a red cent would be mere copying, and not art.—Detroit Journal.

Mrs. Potts—I see your husband has bought a bicycle suit. I thought he was determined never to wear one.

Mrs. Watts—I got him to get them by telling him he was too old to wear anything of that kind.—Indianapolis Journal.

The beach was alive with people, wearing almost no clothing, who ran up and down excitedly.

"Nevertheless," insisted Columbus, "I believe it is Asia I have discovered."

If the intrepid navigator had any suspicion that the place might be Atlantic City, N. J., he made no record of it.—Detroit Journal.

"I'm beginning," said Senator Sorghum, indignantly, "to think that there's no such thing as Senatorial courtesy."

"What has happened?"

"A colleague knew exactly how sugar was going and refused to tell me anything about it."—Washington Star.

"I tell you there is entirely too much of this divorce business going on. It should be stopped."

"I don't think so. Why should people be compelled to bear the yoke when it has become tiresome?"

"Ah, perhaps you want to go through the mill yourself?"

"Oh, no; I'm a lawyer."—Cleveland Leader.

"I wonder why that thin Mr. Slabb is so popular with the girls?"

"It must be because he has a lap so much like a bicycle saddle."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.